

VISITING A COAL MINE.

A YOUNG LADY DESCRIBES HER DESCENT INTO A MINE.

And What She Saw There—A Part of the Summer School of Science Excursion to the Joggins Mines—A Summer Outdoor Party Discovers a Grand Piece of Bone.

If there is a place where one feels, in a few minutes, perfectly at home with 60 or 70 people, a place where one can spend a couple of weeks enjoyably, and feel that time is not wasted, it is at the meeting of the Maritime Summer School of Science. I have just returned from such a place at Parrsboro, and, thinking of the benefit it has been to me, mentally and physically, I am tempted to while away an idle hour jotting down a word or two about the trip.

The village, as I saw it the first evening, looked its best. There it nestled in the valley, with the spires of the little churches dancing in the setting sun. In the background rose the wooded, sombre hills, while stretching off, as far as the eye could see, was the silvery blue of the Basin of Minas.

Here and there fishing smacks, with sails flopping in the dying breeze, were making for the evening haven, like tired birds fluttering to rest. To the right old Blomidon reared his majestic, leafy-crowned head; to the left, Clark's Point ran far out among the roaring breakers.

Every morning the school met at 9 o'clock, the various classes lasting till six, with the exception of such days as were set aside for excursions. In passing, I might say that the work done by lecturers and hearers was good. The professors are all born enthusiasts, and their enthusiasm, acting on themselves collectively, and reacting on the students, kindled a flame which will long burn in some cases, smoulder in others, in the lives of their hearers.

Friday we started for the Joggins, and that was the day of days. Forty-two of us gathered at a corner of the town with lunch baskets at three o'clock, where eight teams were waiting for us. Our party, a little one forming part of the greater, consisted of three young ladies, four gentlemen and a chaperone, a little, lively, witty, good natured lady, ever ready to be dragged off to some point of interest by her indefatigable tormentors.

When I add that one of the young ladies was decidedly an Irish wit, while the other two were bent upon knocking all the fun and novelty they could get out of the given time, I think you may picture a very jolly crowd. Leaving the Basin of Minas to the south east of us we pointed north westerly for the south west of Cumberland Basin.

The Joggins, as you know, is about 30 miles from Parrsboro, situated on Cumberland Basin, and is a point of much interest to geologists. Our plan was to drive out Friday afternoon, sleep at either River Hebert (a place three miles distant from the Joggins) or down to the beach to study the carboniferous formation of rock, then to go down the coal mines, driving home afterwards.

The dust, when we started, was blinding, but a heavy shower caught us just before we came to the Boar's Back, a most extraordinary geological formation of the glacial period. For three miles we drove along a high ridge, I should judge from 30 to 80 feet high and only wide enough for a roadway. It is exactly like a railway embankment. On either side the forest extends away to the hills. In other places you look down on wildernesses of ferns, some looking from two to three feet high. Plants are seen which can be gathered nowhere else south of northern climes, proving that at some time in past ages they must have been carried down by ice and left. The scenery all along was beautiful. I cannot begin to describe the winding streams, the variety of foliage; the peaceful valleys; and the rugged hills lit up here and there by flashes from the sinking sun. Let me hurry on.

BILDAD ON DRAW POKER

THE CHANCES FOR A POOR MAN IN THE GAME.

Some Advice on the Different Points of the Game—How to be "Shy" and Yet be in the Pool—To "Draw" or Not to Draw, That is the Question.

There is no occupation for the poor man like draw poker. It affords him a chance to earn an honest dollar after hours. If the poor man was wealthy he might lose something, but being poor he is like an indigent plaintiff who is bound to stick to the defendant for costs whether he wins or not. He has nothing but his reputation to lose, which cost him nothing and is valuable to nobody else. It would be rash, however, for the poor man to play poker without some instruction. Here are a few rules which conduce to economy and harmony.

When it is your turn to deal, Ezekiel, don't be mean about your gastric juice. Spread a little over each card as you deal. This will keep the cards nicely together and prevent the hands being mixed. You want to deal in as furtive and suspicious a manner as possible. You will thus realize large dividends of respect by a very trifling investment of brains.

Don't forget to deal yourself an extra card or two, Ezekiel, on the last time round. This will save you the trouble of having to draw so many cards afterwards. When you have finally drawn your cards don't discard until you have seen what they are. Otherwise you may discard the wrong cards which will make you feel mean.

With eight or ten cards to choose your hand from your prospects, humbly speaking, ought to be good. If you have not inspired sufficient respect already, Ezekiel, it would be well to ask as soon after the deal as possible, "What's trumps?" Any irritation which this may cause will only be temporary, and it will indicate that there are other games of which you know even more than you do of draw poker.

When it is your turn to ante, never do so until your attention is forcibly called to it. This rule is more in the interest of economy than harmony, but whatever harmony there is will be yours. There is nothing more important, Ezekiel, in draw poker than to claim the deal as often as possible. Some other man will have to ante, and you will get credit for industry and close observation of the game.

The best time to bet is when it is not your turn to bet. You may thus frighten out better hands than your own, and if any one comes in, you can withdraw your bet on the ground that it was made out of turn. When you have openers for a jack-pot hang back as long as possible, in order to ascertain if anybody else can open it. This may save you from an unpleasant surprise later on. The golden rule of poker is: Do up the other man as he would that you should be done yourself.

When you are out of chips go shy in the pool until you get some. Somebody is almost sure to forget that you are shy, which means economy for you. Just as soon as you are a few dollars in you should stop playing. This will enhance your reputation as a cautious player, and make you a general favorite with the boys.

When the deal is yours, Ezekiel, don't say that you will come in until you have discarded and drawn all your cards. If you draw a good hand, of course you are coming in; if you don't, it will be assumed that you took cards merely to see what you would have had if you had come in.

It is always well, Ezekiel, to be a little shy in the pool. Sometimes this will be discovered, but not always. If you can make some other man chip in twice, you chances for earning an honest dollar by the sweat of his brow are improved.

THE THUCKEE FOGGIE PAPERS.

The Senator Hides his Pet Hobby—Criticizing the Dramatic "Critics." NO. XVIII.

Those of Us who, despite the beauty of the evening, were faithful to the call of duty and appeared at the Sanctum on the usual night to answer to the call, found Our honorable friend in his customary place, and surrounded by the customary cut glass and apparatuses, which were duly admired and put where they could do the most good.

After We had exhausted all the stock quotations referring to the magnificence of the moonlight night, and also had so depleted the Senator's cecasters that the worthy gentleman feared for Our reason. We condescended to settle down and hear what he had to say.

"Young gentleman," said the Sage, and as he spoke he held aloft a sheet of cardboard upon which were pasted a number of newspaper clippings, "before you came in and proceeded to make Yourself intolerable nuisances I was amusing myself by reading over and mentally commenting on these extracts, which, I may inform You, are the criticisms in the daily papers upon the plays lately presented to us by Mr. Harkins and his company. Now Mr. Harkins usually brings a good company with him, and this last one has no exception to his general rule; the plays as a whole have been fairly well played and very well mounted, in fact in one or two instances were put on in a manner that rather surprised veteran theatre goers like myself, who knew exactly what there was to work with behind the dirty green rag that closes in the opening of the Institute stage, but, and here is where I am surprised, in no one case was a piece so well performed that it deserved the lavish praise poured out in heaping measure as happened on so many occasions. I can understand the action of one of the papers, for when a member of a newspaper staff happens also to be a local manager, he would be very foolish indeed if he did not use the columns, over which he has more or less control, to their fullest extent, but I am slow to believe that the influence of the counting room is so strong among the other papers that the fear of losing a few dollars induces the reporters to indiscriminately praise every performance no matter how bad it may be. I have in my mind a gentleman who does the dramatic work on a city journal, one who has said that he was determined to make this department a feature of his paper and who has avowed that he would treat every performance on its merits no matter at what cost, and that if an actor did not do as he should that he would be shown his mistakes and put in the right way. But what have we seen? Why, the reports of the recent theatrical season in this paper were as full of praise and as mistakenly commendatory as those of the journal over whose columns the reporter-manager swings his ungrammatical blue pencil. In fact not one paper in this city, in whose columns appeared the advertisement of the plays performed lately, gave a fair, impartial, and unbiased criticism of any one performance, and the conclusion that one naturally arrives at is, that unless the show is written up for all it is worth, out comes the 'ad.' What I object to in the newspaper report is this, that every sort and kind of entertainment is well spoken of, and the result is, that the patrons of the theatre get so that they simply will not believe what the papers say, and this I think one reason why there are not better houses. No matter what kind of a company comes along, straightway the papers bristle with effusive advance notices; the performance takes place, and let it be as poor as you like, the next day the papers with one accord join in fulsome praise of it. This is not right, it is not journalism, it is not fair to the theatre goers of the place, it is not justice to people who come here and give a good entertainment; and furthermore, it does not pay, for as I have said I am satisfied numbers of people stay away from a play, or an opera, simply because they have been sold so often by believing newspaper reports that they have made up their minds not to be caught again. A low murmur of commendation greeted the Senator when he closed his remarks, and after a few moments conversation on the chance of the Institute ever being improved upon, We hid Us homewards.

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NEW BRUNSWICK TROTTING CIRCUIT, 1890.

Including the Tracks at St. Stephen, Fredericton, and St. John, Province of New Brunswick.

\$8,750 IN PURSES.

Table listing purses for St. Stephen, St. John, Fredericton, and Moosepath Park tracks. Includes dates and times for various races.

GENERAL REMARKS. The Three Tracks herein mentioned, are collectively situated for horsemen who may desire to attend these races. By THE NEW BRUNSWICK T.Y. From St. Stephen to Fredericton is 94 miles. Fredericton to St. John is 97 miles. St. John to St. Stephen is 117 miles. The New Brunswick Railway will give the following reduced freight rates, to horsemen attending any of these meetings: ON HORSES, SLEIGS AND GROOMS. St. Stephen to Fredericton, \$5.00 Fredericton to St. John, 3.00 St. John to St. Stephen, 3.00 Woodstock to Fredericton, via McAdam, 3.00 Woodstock to St. Mary's opp. Fredericton, 3.00

GENERAL CONDITIONS. All Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association, of which Association each Track here represented is a member. Five horses required to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field will only be entitled to first money. Horses starting in the circuit will be eligible in the same class throughout the circuit. Entrance fee will be Ten per cent. of the purses, payable, Five per cent. with nomination and Five per cent. the evening before the race. Purses will be divided: Sixty per cent. to first, Thirty per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third. Arrangements will be made to have United States horses admitted to attend these races. W. F. TODD, President, St. Stephen, N.B. W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, Fredericton, N.B.

CAUGHT BY THE

The Bay of Fundy is known over for its tremendous tides, of the great estuaries about its shores, and the mouth of the great estuary about its shores—there is a rise and fall at spring tide of seventy feet. At low water, there are miles of red flats of gray-green beach, or of sandstone and slate, where appears a full and heaving sea. Many strange phenomena a connection with these mighty tides are harbors on the Fundy coast, low tide, contain literally no water detached puddles or a could not float a dory. At these harbors are but vast gleaming basins of red mud wharves of the villages scatted their rim, perched high on slopes and perhaps a mile from look as if anything like a ship upon them the most unexpected of visitors. But when the tides turn, the ocean seems to empty its bosom of the land, and what se hours before, like inland communities transformed into bustling Yachts, ships and steamers on the flood, and hasty ferries on the opposite shores. The wharves little while, are in a state activity. Then, as suddenly as the sea drops back, and the villages goes with it. In spite of these violent fluctuations of water-level, and the shifting of high-water, there are comparatively accidents along these tidal coasts and the dumb brutes accustomed to the tide that upon it almost instinctively. Even the pigs learn all about creatures follow the ebb, and cautiously on the stranded shore until the incoming tide is seen after them; but they are never any change in the water-level herd turns tail and scurries with wild squeaks and grunt loudly the incoming tide is seen after them; but they are never any change. For myself, though I have these shifting seas, and have lived familiar with their splendor to have had but two adventures for tide could be held directly. Once, when I had taken a city shooting over the flats, the ebb of the sport beguiled us into the plover and curlew and sn unvary and so innumerable that our return to the uplands till I got well under way. At first, in our continuation to run; but the mud was sticky legged boots were like lead up and we soon perceived the hope of the undertaking. Fortunately we were both mers. We made for a ledge rose some feet above the sand. Then, at high tide, would be fifty feet of Fundy's waves, but high enough for our immediate. As we gained them, the water gliding about our feet. Climb we sat down, and had a few which to regain our breath. Then we thrust our fingers crevices of the rock, that the ebb drag them away, and our selves to the shirt and drawers. ing-coats, our ammunition, or game-bags we grudgingly offered stick-divinities; and when the tide more overtook us we plunged struck out bravely for shore. It was a longish swim, but the now our ally. We struck ashore the village where I live in our very scant apparel we were by the way of all the back. Lovers we could command. This experience, though un costly, was not very thrilling experience in the old North J. Was thrilling enough to deli adventurous. Some three leagues below village, where my boyhood there was a deserted retractor had heard vague reports of furnished, for a short time, admirable texture and appear it is said, some fatal defect in the material; and all demand ceased, and the quarry had after heavy loss. The stone had been cut water level, and I how knew were due to its being impregnated and moisture, but at the time an writing there seemed to glamour of mystery and romantic deserted workings. At last, one September day I came out unexpectedly to shore. I found myself on a hill crowned bluff, which I at on Snowdon's Point, the quarry. Partridges had fou my enthusiasm for gunning wave. The tide was at et partridges, and resolved to romantic ruins of the quarry. The bluff, though high a very shallow—that is to say,

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ON THE BLUFF.

O grandly flowing River! O silver gliding River! Thy springing willows shiver In the sunset as of old; Thy shiver is the willow's shiver Of the willow-whitened island While the sunbeams on the sea Fill the air and wave with glee O gaudy oaks! River! O gaudy oaks! River! Do you remember ever how The eyes and skies so blue On a summer day that show When we were all alone here, And the blue eyes were too wild To speak the love they knew O stern, impassive River! O stern, impassive River! The shivering willow's shiver As the night winds moan and From the past a voice is calling From heaven a star is falling, And dew swells in the bluebe Above her hillside grave.

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